H. G. Strait

Normal Spotlight

Christmas Number

December 16, 1916

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Normal Spotlight

Volume 2 **DECEMBER** **No. 2**

"Can 'Common Folks' Learn to Play?"

By Dr. Will George Butler

The other day I was asked if "common folks" could learn to play the violin, to which I replied that it meant all the difference in the world what was meant by "common folks."

If the person who asked this question had reference to the people who are outside the bounds of the so-called aristocracy, I would say, according to the law of averages, that the possibilities are very much in their favor. After all, there is no aristocracy but the aristocracy of worth, and it is the common truths and the simple truths that are the great truths, and the exponents of great truths: our Beethovens, our Wagners, our Kubeliks, our Kreislers, our Mozarts, our Shakespeares, our Angelos and our Lincolns, have come from the ranks of the "common folks."

I want to tell you about a "common" boy who learned to play the violin. He is a friend of mine and I know him very well indeed. I will not tell you his name, for I am sure he would not care to have me do so, but I know he would be very glad if any one would be encouraged by a little of his experience.

When a small boy this violinist heard Camilla Urso, the first great lady violinist, and then and there began his love for the instrument which has ripened into devotion and which grows stronger and fonder as the years pass by. The child must have a violin, so his grandfather, kind and indulgent, made him a cornstock Cremona on which he played imaginary concerts far surpassing any subsequent efforts. How ardent is the fire of enthusiasm that burns in the soul of a child and the success of manhood is generally the fruitage of boyhood's play.

When Herbert Spencer wrote his autobiography he said: "The maxim on which I have acted and the maxim which I have often commended to my friends is: Be a boy as long as you can!"

The cornstock violin soon gave way to one that produced actual tones. The second instrument was fearfully and wonderfully made of a cigar box, picture wire, etc. Then came a real violin which the father bought in a second-hand store, and, although it is a cheap instrument, the boy still highly values the old Hopf on which he took his first lessons.

He worked hard and soon he was playing at local musicals. Then he went away to school and finally came under the care of a great master. He never has forgotten the day he first played for his teacher with the long, white hair.

"Yes, I will take you for a pupil," he said, "and, if you will go with me this summer to my cottage by the lake, I will teach you every day and it will cost you nothing!"

But there were those who were jealous of him as there always are of one who succeeds, so after he had studied a season with the great master he began to falter in his purpose to become a violinist. Just at that time a friend who understood the situation wrote him a letter from which I give the following:—

"Men may misunderstand our lives and misinterpret our best motives. But fear of man need not hinder us from making the most of our opportunities. If we could rise no higher than the station our neighbor chooses for us, few would probably ever rise at all. It is a strange thing but nevertheless a fact, that wisdom and ability are seldom recognized by those who envy them in secret. A genius is often held in contempt by his associates, simply because they are fortunate to be on familiar terms with him, and people who know us least think they know us best, only because they happen to live next door to us. Remember, therefore, that he will be the bravest and most successful man who is so deeply absorbed in doing right and good that he does not stop to consider what others think or say of him. So success is very often simply a question of initiative."

These sympathetic words put new courage in the heart of the young violinist, and he applied himself again to his task with more zeal than ever before and during the years following he has delivered his musical messages to many audiences and distinguished people.

After one of his recitals a young lady from Columbus, Ohio, came forward and, taking the violinist by the hand said: "You play just like you look out of your eyes!" That is just what every player does who puts soul into his message. It has been said that the eyes are the windows of the soul, and surely they are one of the surest signs of character.

He has been discouraged and dissatisfied with himself many times, but it has often developed that when he thought he had wrought a complete failure he had made the best impression and had done the most good. After an effort which seemed to be fruitless he was surprised to receive a letter from a friend to whom he had mentioned his conviction of failure, telling of a great number of people who had been deeply moved by the work of the evening.

CLASS VISITS FLOUR MILLS.

Home Economic Girls Inspection Trip to Local Mills Interesting As Well As Instructive.

On November twenty-first, the Home Economics girls, accompanied by their instructor, Miss Jones, made a very interesting visit to the Mansfield flour mills. Many points of interest were observed not only in the complicated mechanism, but also the different processes the grain undergoes, from the time it is harvested, 'till it is produced in the form of flour.

One is scarcely able to realize the different processes which are necessary to obtain the widely used product, unless they in person visit these mills, and see it as an actuality.

People from cities especially should grasp this opportunity and they will find it a very advantageous visit.

The different processes observed by the class, were those of the grinding of the buckwheat, and wheat.—Ruth Collins.

Y. W. C. A.

With our new president, Miss Maizie Nicholas, at its head the Y. W. C. A. has entered upon what bids to be a very successful year. The weekly prayer meetings are well attended and all the girls seem to be taking great interest in the work.

Many various social events have been given during this term. On Friday evening September twenty-second, a joint reception of the Y. M. C. A. was given to the new students.

Saturday evening, September twenty-third, a Kimona Tea was given in the Y. W. C. A. rooms when an amusing and interesting program was rendered.

Saturday evening, November 11th, the annual Japanese print sale was held in the gymnasium, when various Japanese articles were sold.

Two Bible study classes have been organized. The juniors under Miss Foster are studying "Jesus, the Man of Gables"; the seniors under Miss Doane, have taken up a study of Dr. Rauschbenbusch's new book, "The Social Principle of Jesus". With two such able teachers, the classes will not only be interesting but instructive as well.

Emersonian Play.

The production of Peg O' My Heart is to be given shortly after the Christmas vacation.

The members of the Emersonian society are working with enthusiasm to perfect the production of this play, which is a comedy of youth founded on the novel of the same name by J. Hartley Manners.

Members of the cast went to Elmira and also to Corning to see the productions in those two cities and every effort is being made to have this play equal to the city productions.

One On the Late Polly.

Prof. Rupert—"What is a polygon?"
St. Clair—"A dead parrot."

Spotlight Foolish Dictionary.

Vacation—Any brief space of time.
Ticket—A slip admitting one to paradise.
Home—See "Square Meal."
Date—Not a number.
Theatre—See "Burlesque."
Christmas—7th day before New Year's.
Christmas Present—A perfectly useless gift passed on from generation to generation, world without end, Amen.
Useful Present—Obsolete.
Cash—What you don't have.
Bills—You should worry.
Christmas Stickers—Seals saved from the packages received last year.
Ribbon—See Christmas Stickers.
Parlor—A sanctuary.
Mistletoe—See Collect.
Collect—See Honey.
Honey—See Mistletoe.
New Year's—7th day after Christmas.
Resolution—Something breakable.
Farewell—3 3-4 minutes of bliss.
Return Trip—War.
Campus—The Alma Mater's grass plot.
Y. M. C. A. President—One who never saw a burlesque show.
Student—They ain't no such animal.
Faculty—(I don't want to be arrested! !)

A Yuletide Story.

'Twas Christmas eve and our hero, a stalwart boiler maker, could think of nothing to give his girl on the morrow. It was already nine-thirty and the stores closed at ten. He raved like a beast in a cage, "What shall I do? All my possessions for an idea." Just then a newsboy spoke up, "Can I help youse?" "Oh! Kind newsboy," said our hero, "tell me what I can give my fiancee for Christmas." The newsboy whispered something in his ear and our hero slipped him a sheckel as he hastened to Fitzpoole's Department Store. He rushed out of the store as they were closing the doors and went home. After spending half an hour preparing the gift, he went to sleep and woke up very happy in the morning. At ten o'clock he repaired to the home of his fancy. She was all dolled up to meet him, for had he not stood beside her every Christmas for the last ten years. Our hero now gave a boisterous command, "Page, advance with the package!" The maiden started to undo the gift, our hero stood firmly on one foot, and when she came to the middle she jumped right into his expectant arms for he had given her twenty-five Fatima coupons and she could get a pennant to decorate her room.—Penn State Froth.

The Spotlight comes all fresh and new,
And bids each one a "How d'ye do."
It hopes that it will be your friend,
And welcome be to come again.
Is someone sick or in disgrace?
Just leaf it o'er, you'll find the place—
Oh! you'll be glad that you subscribed,
When you have had a peep inside.

—Neta Johnson.

MANY WILL TRY FOR POSITIONS ON VARSITY BASKET BALL TEAM.

Candidates Look Good and Prospects for Successful Season Are Very Bright—Woodrow is Captain.

Of course we are optimistically sure of a victorious team this season as has been the custom heretofore and this article is only to prepare the fans for the winter campaign.

We have but three of last year's championship team to form the nucleus of our varsity—namely: Woodrow, Clarke, and Francis.

"Mose" Woodrow, our leader, played a fast aggressive game on the basketball floor last season and by his all-around ability, and earnestness of effort easily earned the distinction of captain. His fine work in the Syracuse game will not soon be forgotten and also his big share in defeating Alfred and Wyoming.

Woodrow has always shown a willingness to work hard and also the ability to excell, not only on the basketball court but equally well on the football field and at the jumping standards. It is the general opinion that "Mose" will make a fine pilot and everyone wishes him a very successful voyage towards the championship harbor—a voyage marred by no defeats and smoothed by many decisive victories.

"Little Joey" Clarke, when paired off with Orson Wilcox helped form the best pair of guards in any Pennsylvania preparatory school last year. "Joey" is fast and aggressive and can pull down almost any pass made in his direction. His ability to "go get 'em" is easily recognized and we feel sure we have one veteran to hold the new players to their duties.

"Irv" Francis, altho not playing in every game last year, proved to be a dependable man who could fill almost any place on the team very creditably. He will make a strong bid for a place on this year's team.

"Gazook" Gazella, "Buddy" Norman and "Deacon" Allison need no introduction to the basketball fans of last year. Altho not letter men they played on the varsity at various times and feel sure that they have the two forward positions cinched somewhere between the three of them.

Matteson expects to make some one work hard for a guard position.

Clifford, Decker and Monahan are hopeful of winning a big "M" and will make somebody extend themselves to win their positions.

Chamberlain is a heavy, experienced player who gives much promise of being a varsity man.

Hoban, from Dunmore High; Ashcraft, from Westfield; and Norton from New Albany, are new men who promise much as forwards.

Learn and Schott are all fast men and expect to make the varsity.

We feel sure that from the new material there will be some to reinforce our team and altogether the prospects for a very successful season are very bright.

Scrubs' Game.

The scrubs were defeated at Geneva, on November 11th, by the Geneva High School team by a score of 20-2. The score does not indicate the relative strength of the teams. Our scrubs outplayed them both in straight football and in the overhead game. Geneva only held for downs once, which was on their three-yard line while they were held for downs repeatedly. It was a clean, well played game, and we owe our defeat to frequent fumbling.

For Geneva, Dwyer, Schott, Esther and Ditman deserve to be mentioned while for our team Monahan, Sayre, Arnold and Davis shone above the rest.

Alta Petens.

Under the administration of President William McNamara, the Alta Petens Literary society has enjoyed one of the most successful seasons since the organization was formed a few years ago. The meetings during the Fall Term were well attended and the programs especially interesting and instructive.

Like the other literary societies in the school, the Alta Petens intend giving a play. However, they have not decided what play they will give but they expect to attend to this matter after the Chrismas vacaion.

Ain't It a Fact?

When I foist got an intro to Arthur
I fell fer him softer than hay.
Say, goils, I t'ought he was spiffy,
He had such an elegant way.

His arm was so heavy and husky
When he steered me around to de show
An' he always remembered de popcorn;
He's a regular prince wid de dough.

His fussin' was up to de minute
An' his duds they was always top-notch
Why, goils, I was crazy 'bout Arthur
'Till I seen that he wore a wrist watch.

—Cornell Widow.

IN THE FOREST.

Snow fills the woods tonight!
The soft flakes dropping fast
Whiten the pines on the height
Where the last cold glimmer of light
Rested when day had passed.

Death stills the woods tonight!
The death of flowers sere,
Of motion, color and light,
And, where the drift heaps white,
Of something we hold more dear.

Spring thrills the woods today!
The pines are wet with the rain
But, silent beneath their shade
In the darkness of the glade,
Lies the hunter who was slain!

—M. B. D.

F—ootball stuff sprung at this time of the year may be ancient history, but since the names of the 1916 letter men have not been published yet the time is now ripe for such action. Therefore, the "roll of honor" in the following way:—

O—ur captain this year was Wentworth Vedder. "Babe" played in every game of the season and had little difficulty in getting his letter.

O—lin Decker acted as center and so well did he perform the duties attached to that important position that not once was he in danger of losing his job.

T—he town of Wellsboro furnished us with three letter men this year. "Stick" Rockwell was one of that trio. "Stick" was our star fullback.

B—ut while we are referring to Wellsboro we may as well mention the third member of that trio. The gentleman we are trying to introduce is Lyman Walbridge.

A—rnold, the "Pride of the Blue Ridge", was awarded an "M" this year. "Tuckey" was one of the substitute backfield men and quite often did he prove himself a mighty valuable man.

L—ast season was Ernest Johnson's first year in football but one would never bleieve it to witness that boy perform in the various games during the latter part of the season.

L—ike Wellsboro, Wilkes-Barre may be considered a great place for football players, four of this year's letter men having hailed from Baronville. One of this quartette is Irv Francis.

L—amp "Mose" Woodrow and you can say that you've given a real good athlete the "once over". "Mose" had a successful season at football and now he is ready for basketball.

E—ver stop to think of what a great football player "Gazook" Gazella is? Well, "Gazook" is from Olyphant so you can't blame him very much for being such a whirl-wind of an athlete.

T—his man Reckus was recommended by Jim Hiscox, one of the Normal's star football men last year. Hiscox said that Reckus was some player and, as usual, what Jim said was true.

T—ackling in a clever and effective way was what made Matteson such a valuable man. "Matty", we are sorry to say, leaves us next year and M. S. N. S. will be minus one of the best linemen that ever donned a football uniform.

E—nter Mr. Monahan! Not as a concert singer this time but as one of the sixteen men who were decorated with "M's."

R—oos was in the fight from the start and had little difficulty in earning his letter. Carl held down one of the line positions.

M—any are called but few are chosen. Such was the case at the beginning of the season. Many were called out of the end positions but only two permanent ends were chosen. Joe Joyce was one of them.

E—very time Mansfield needed a hole in the other team's line, all that had to be done was to give Chamberlain a little hint about it and he would do the rest. "Chamby" was a star in the strictest sense of the word.

N—o! We were not going to skip "Jerrie" Bowser. "Jerrie" played too well to be over-looked in this writeup. Bowser, we hear, is also somewhat of a basketball player. Well here's hoping he'll earn another letter in basketball.

Far Away.

Far from the clang of the breakfast bell
As it calls to the daily grind
Far from the lessons and Profs. as well,
And the Scrub with the vacant mind;
Far where the grub is the very best
And you eat 'till you've had your fill,
And after eating can loaf and rest
As long as you have the will
'Though far indeed is this happy place,
No matter how far you roam;
You'll think of it always with smiling face,
As the place you call your home.

Y. M. C. A.

We are more than pleased by the term's work in the Y. M. C. A. Never in the history of the school has there been such a large attendance and such an unusual interest been shown. David Parsels, Winfield Haynes, Wendell Phillips, Eldredge Shoupe, and Carl Roos are among the fellows who spoke at the various meetings. Besides we have had as speakers: Dr. Butler, Mr. Kichline, Dr. Platt, Dr. Straughn, Rev. Eden and Prof. Strait.

We have had several musical treats including solos and quartette numbers. Much credit is due Mr. Keim for the success of the work in providing music at each meeting.

We feel that all who have not been present at these meetings have been losers and have missed a part of the school's most interesting activities. We want more of the fellows and men teachers to attend. Surely you will not regret the half-hour you spend in the Y. M. C. A. each week. You have an opportunity to show your colors and at the same time carry away something which will be of value to you throughout life.

Our winter term program will be printed before the next issue of The Spotlight reaches you. Watch for it.

Caught Napping.

Prof. Cass—"Mr. Truscott, wake up!"

Truscott (rubbing his eyes)—"What was the question?"

FORTY WINKS

Dick Lawson sowed all his wild oats in college. After he graduated he was the most zealous and earnest young business man in New York,—until he met Ruth Billings, daughter of the noted criminal lawyer. Then the old wiseacres of the street, who had called him the most promising youngster of the day, began to shake their heads and say:

"Too bad, society has got him, and his business head will be no good until he gets that girl off his mind."

On the morning after the Colony Club dance, Dick sauntered sleepily into his office. He was physically exhausted from the festivities of the past few weeks to which he had so long been unaccustomed, and his mind was absorbed by reveries of Ruth's beauty and her winsomeness. He smiled as he thought of the condition she imposed when she granted his permission to call that evening.

"It must be a short call, Dick," she said, "because you have been keeping shameful hours lately."

That evening, after a light dinner at the club, Dick strolled slowly up the Avenue toward her house. As he was ushered into her presence, the tired feeling he had experienced all day left him as if by magic. However, after they had chatted a little he felt a drowsiness steal over him, and fearing that Ruth might notice it, he asked her to play him a selection from the latest comic opera.

As Ruth went to the piano Dick glanced at the clock, and seeing it was then nine-thirty, he mentally resolved to take his leave at ten.

While Ruth was playing he closed his eyes to rest them from the light, and when he opened them again he was amazed to find himself alone. He looked around in a dazed, bewildered sort of way and on glancing at the clock was astonished to see that it was two-thirty. He was trying to collect his scattered wits when he heard a heavy step in the hall. Fearing it was Mr. Billings, and not knowing how to explain his strange predicament, he hastily stepped behind the heavy curtains which the careful butler had drawn earlier in the evennig. No sooner had the curtains dropped behind Dick than Mr. Billings entered the room and seated himself to read the evening paper. This was soon finished, and Dick breathed a sigh of relief that Mr. Billings would then retire, but his spirits sank when he saw the older man take some papers from his pocket and settle himself in the great arm chair.

After some time, Mr. Billings began to read aloud the evidence in the latest murder case and to outline his plan of defense. Realizing that this was a matter which was not intended for his ears, Dick became greatly agitated and in his nervousness he plucked at the curtain which, to his horror, fell down and made a startling noise as the curtain pole struck the polished floor. Mr. Billings looked up quickly and as his gaze fell on the young man he was speechless with amazement. As for Dick, he was much too agitated to speak. He knew that an explanation was necessary, and yet he realized that any excuse he had to offer for his presence there, was too ridiculous to be plausible. However, he decided to tell the truth. He began a stammering explanation but was interrupted by the ringing of the door bell. Mingled with it was the sound of laughter and a deep hearty voice asking:

"Where's everybody?"

Dick rubbed his eyes and awoke to find himself still seated in the same arm chair. Ruth and Mr. Billings were looking at him in amusement, and he could hear Ruth say in a laughing voice:

"Papa, what do you think of Dick for falling asleep while I was playing his favorite piece?"

"I don't blame you a bit my boy," said Mr. Billings. "I feel all tuckered out myself trying to keep pace with my own daughter."

"Will you ever forgive me?" asked Dick a few minutes later when they were seated in the cozy little den across the hall.

"You poor boy," replied Ruth, "of course I forgive you. You have been punished enough by that awful dream."

Her winsome smile as she answered gave Dick courage to whisper the question he had not dared to ask before, and the rosy hue on Ruth's face as she smiled her answer was not altogether the reflection of the crimson shade of the reading lamp.

Bathtubs.

Foremost today in family is the bathtub. Bathtubs are in most every home, and are popular once a week in some of the more advanced communities. "Luke McLuke's Memories" speak of his ability to distinguish which member of the family had "been in" last by the height of the ring inside. Indications of extreme high tide meant father, especially if the indications were pronounced.

Saturday night has come to be associated with bathtubs since early days. It is good form to commit murder in a bathtub, as past and present records show. In the 18th century a French girl stabbed a minister of France whilst the latter was bathing, feeling that he would be off his guard. The Frenchman wasn't looking for a call at that time, and succumbed forthwith. It is astonishing how well some people can stab with their eyes closed. The practice of locking the door when bathing, dates from this day, but assassins still thrive.

Down in Swanee, Pa., a tombstone maker sells stones especially carved for the victims of bathtub murders, which are inscribed:

Name .....

He (or she) died clean, etc.

Bathtubs are found in most every American home. —Punch Bowl.

Knowing Things.

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not,
Is a fool; shun him.
He who knows not and knows that he knows not,
Is simple; teach him.
He who knows and knows not that he knows,
Is asleep; wake him.
He who knows and knows that he knows,
Is wise; follow him.—Ex.

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MERRY CHRISTMAS

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for December twenty-fifth to stroll nonchalantly along, it would probably not be amiss to slip in a little Yuletide greeting. So, The Spotlight wishes each and every person connected with this institution of learning, A Merry Christmas and A Happy New Year.

THAT FIRST SPOTLIGHT

It was really encouraging to note the enthusiasm which greeted the appearance of the first number of the Spotlight. It was encouraging also to listen to the gossip of Dame Rumor as to the "hit" that the first number made. We admit that there was a big improvement in it over last year's paper for we intended to make it so. But, while we were pleased with last month's number, we have tried to make this number just a little better and we hope that we have succeeded. It is our intention to make the next issue even better and more snappy than this one and in doing this we should appreciate any help you might give us via short stories, poems and jokes. Please see to it that your contributions are in early. Thank you.

CONTENTMENT.

It is a fortunate thing that all men are not content with things as they are or else the road of present day progress would be blocked by the satisfied. It is strange but true, nevertheless, that even in Mansfield one will occasionally come across a representative of the "satisfied" class.

"I have all the business I can look after myself," said a local business man in a recent interview. "If I go after more I shall have to increase my plant, and hire other men and have the trouble of looking after them. No. I'm satisfied with what I have and I'm going to take it easy."

This is not an uncommon delusion. Under favorable circumstances it may endure for a surprisingly long time, but the longer it endures the greater the disaster because the greater the difficulty of making a reform.

"To him that hath shall be given, and to him that hath not shall be taken way even that which he hath," is one of the orphic sayings of the Bible which has a sound economic verity.

VACATION, CHRISTMAS, HOME AND MOTHER.

Far away from the scenes of this punk habitation where the lights are ever out, and the water runs dry, where you have to sit through long hours of misery trying not to go to sleep under the exciting lectures of eloquent (?) instructors; where you contracted the movie habit, the cigarette habit, the flunk habit, the girl habit, and the habit of injudicious manipulation of finances, there is a place of pensive peace, of needed rest (and much more needed excitement),—where the dream girl sings the Rosary, —the wise moon throws its silver sheen over the fairy snow-covered landscape as you and the dream girl speed through the night in a sleigh that is not too wide for comfort,—evenings by the open fire when she tries to talk to you but you know the old line that brings tears to her eyes,—and the gay dance,—and the despised presents which you "wanted most of all." Let us to it! Give us once more the glad festive scenes, that we may satiate ourselves with pleasures enough to last us until we can get back here again, and new inspirations for our letters home (?).

AN IMPROVEMENT IN THE "LIT" SOCIETIES.

It is pleasing to note the improvement this year in our literary societies. A new and more desirable atmosphere seems to be in evidence; an atmosphere with a greater element of sincerity in it and which is bound to go a great way in making this year one of the most successful in the history of the societies. One can not be successful in any work unless sincerity accompanies his efforts and the members of the literary societies seem to have realized this and the result is that the organizations are meeting with unusual success.

This would be a poor resemblance of a Christmas Number if our reading columns would be minus the popular Christmas slogan. So, in order to "keep up to snuff" we want to hand out some confidential advice to the students—"do your Christmas shopping early."

Holding Hands.

Last night I held a little hand
So dainty and so sweet;
Me thought my heart would bust with joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand could in my soul
More solace bring
Than that I held last night:—
Four aces and a king.—Ex.

Coach Kichline Who Will Try to Make a Winning Basketball Team for 1917

SEVERAL MANSFIELD MEN MAKE GOOD ON BIG COLLEGE ELEVENS.

Boys Who Formerly Starred for the Normal Continue Their Good Work by Winning Places on College Teams.

While Mansfield Normal, generally, could not defeat Pitt and while Yale would have little difficulty in walking all over us, still we have managed to turn out some football teams which we can well be proud of. It follows in the natural sequence of events that our athletes continue to excell in larger games at larger institutions of learning. Some of the members of our championship team of 1914 have this season especially distinguished themselves by their earnest work and honest effort in the great game of college football.

Wilcox, the husky captain of our '15 team, won a few games during the recent season for Pitt Frosh. While dwelling within our halls he established a most enviable reputation on the gridiron and he has added greatly to this during the past season at the great western university. Who of us will soon forget his 55 yard field goal against Wyoming? This little stunt broke all records for secondary schools and has only been equalled twice in all history—namely, by Pat O'Dea in 1898, whose record of 62 yards stood 'till 1915 when Payne of North Dakota, exceeded his effort by one yard. It seems as tho Pitt can win games all the time if they have a center to pass the ball and a goal post at either end of the field for Wilcox to aim for.

Sweeley was the high gear in Susquehanna offensive machine last season. While wearing the Red and Black, Sweeley formed a running mate for Wilcox, and was one of the bright lights in our scintillating backfield composed of Wilcox, Sweeley, Hiscox and Coronway. In the open field Sweeley is as hard to catch as the proverbial flea and often gets away for long runs. He has scored more than his share of touchdowns for Susquehanna and we will watch, with a great deal of interest his future achievements on the white lined sward of our great college game.

Coronway played RUTHLESSLY—as halfback on the Dickinson College eleven during the 1916 season. While a student at Mansfield he called signals from his position at quarter back and formed the third of the aforementioned quartette of ground gainers. "Todd" did not play in every game on the Varsity for he had to contend for his position with such men as Swope and Welch, the latter, one of the cleverest men carrying a pigskin today, and as "Todd" has called a "D" to his vocabulary along with his "M" he has represented Mansfield very creditably.

Here comes the bride!

We have mentioned every "single" one of our famous backfield; yes, 'tis true that we have made no reference to Mr. James Hiscox—but Jim failed to gain thru Cupid at the right end and lost the ball on downs last summer, so we cannot expect James to continue his more strenuous avocation in the future. Yes, dear reader, love is also strenuous, especially if "Jim" plays it as hard as he did football against Bellefonte a year or so ago. If James did lose when playing Bellefonte we all most heartily hope that he will not be defeated by Time.

Carpenter held down a job at left end on Bellefonte's heavy team this year and altho injured late in the season he proved to be one of the most valuable men on the team. While playing on Smythe Park, "Carpie" always fought hard and more than held even any opponent he ever faced.

"Kelly has only been kept off the Pitt Varsity by One Year Residence Rule" a noted authority is quoted. Dick has played a great game at tackle on Wilcox's fresh team this past season. While drinking at the fountain of learning "far above Tioga's Waters," Kelly also played football as a side line. If any ignorant person should be so foolhardy as to ask who "Dick" Kelly might be, do nothing rash whatsoever, dear reader, but quietly inform that imbecile that "Dick" from his position at tackle on the Mansfield State Normal school team always managed to mix up in the play some way and often spilled the backfield of his opponents for losses.

When on the offensive he opened a hole large enough to drive a box car thru and kept it open till our runner got thru. Kelly will bear close watching next year also.

"Alec" Brown has been a most valuable man to the versatile Conway Hall team this year. From his position at end "Alec" has pulled down many passes for large gains and when he gets down the field under a punt he is a savage tackler. A certain authority in football has said that he expects "A" to land a regular position on a college eleven next year.

Student, describing an oyster—"The number of lawyers (layers) helps to determine the age."

A Spanish Boy's Christmas

It was Christmas time and the festivities, as usual, were making the sweet little village of Loja, charming. Here and there, thru the little park, in front of the church, in the Cantina, in the streets,—everywhere—crowds of the most cheerful people assembled. Music; the voices of the car drivers; the noise of the stage coaches, rattling their half-rotten wheels on the hard pavement; the cries of children greeting the funny jester; the peddlers proclaiming their wares; the cracker jacks sound;—all in a tremendous combination came to my ears that evening as I stood in the old Patio of our villa. Christmas here takes us into regions not worldly and makes us feel that life is worth living —perhaps it is in our blood.

I was fifteen and my vacation had begun rather early as the priest who tutored me had been called to serve at the Vatican. The whole family was in mourning, for father had been dead one year and the cheerfulness of Christmas time did not penetrate the household. Mother liked to remain in thot and preferred to enjoy the remembrance of past happiness rather than search for distraction in the present.

After dinner I led her to the little altar where she remained to pray and I went to the garden where I heard and saw the people in their joy. I was tempted to leave the villa and go to the plaza but I thought of father and how people would look at me if I joined in the festivities. There were some early serenaders who with their guitars and sweet voices, called at the houses to play. They soon came in front of our gate where they paid a native tribute to the memory of my father. One of the serenaders, playing "La Paloma" on his guitar, sang it in a rich tenor voice. Then he took his hat and hanging it on the crest at the gate, marched on with the rest. Soon I grew tired of so much noise and music and decided to retire.

I went to bed but did not dream of serenaders for I woke and found the room as bright as day. The moon shone splendidly and I could hear the chimes of the old cathedral where so many of my forefathers had heard mass. Even the air seemed to be more fragrant than usual and the odor of jasmine reminded me of the garden. I got up and sitting by the window watched all the charm abroad. The darkness seemed to be spread above me like a canopy of velvet studded with bright diamonds, the garden had no colors, the foliage was only a whisper, the flowers were only aromas, and love,—a sweet wish to weep. I sank to my knees and prayed: "O Madre de mi Alma, is not the light of thine eyes the light of that star which like a tear of infinite love, in the night, trembles?"

A soft breeze, "La reina de media noche," that sweet agent that carries the night watchman's deep voice, blew gently, lest it should disturb the beauty of the night. The old clock struck twelve and far away I heard the first soft notes of the serenaders, all melodious, all sublime. I felt proud of my people of the old race. But still there was one little scene to come: Impressive, romantic as those of the old days, tender and sweet was this final one which still lives in my memory and makes me think of romances I used to hear in my childhood.

I was about to go back to bed when I saw among the bushes, a young fellow dressed in military uniform with a guitar under his arm. It was Juan Jose, a soldier who adored our Mercedes and awaited to serenade her. The window in the opposite court opened and Mercedes, with her head covered by a white mantilla spoke to him and asked him to play. Soon a rose dropped. Juan picked up the flower and kissing it, jumped the fence and like Romeo departed sighing. Ah! the Spanish blood which calls even across the world,—how it thrills and gladdens us to know that we are the same romantic people of old Spain. Myron B. Deily

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There was a gorgeous sunset the other evening, the west was smothered in golds and russets, tinged here and there with a blush of crimson. I paused on the corner a moment to watch. As I stood gazing, two young gentlemen of the modern school happened along. They eyed me with marked interest, and when they had passed, they, too, paused, and turned.

"Gee! What's he lookin' at?" queried number one in the last stages of a stage whisper.

"Gee! I dunno," responded number two. A short silence.

"Aw Gee! It's only the sunset." Deep digust.

"Aw Gee!" Abysmal pity.

And some folks still wonder why crime has recently increased thirty-three per cent.

"The Glory That Is To Be."

(Apologies to Rudyard Kipling.)

When Rupert's last compass is rusted,
And Platt's twisted our brains all awry—
When the last of Grant's test tubes are busted
And our youngest professor has died—
We shall rest; and faith! We shall need it,
Lie down for an aeon or two,
With never a state board examiner
To start us to digging anew.

And we who have flunked will be honored
We will sit in a flying machine,
We will fly out the borough limits
To Blossburg—and never be seen.
We will have real eats to be fed on—
There will be no bread pudding at all,
And all the state aid that is left us
Will be mounted and hung in the hall.

Indiana shall never beat us
And doctor will never blame,
And sterno's will all be harmless,
And our heads will be covered with fame.
And each shall possess a checkbook,
And the accounts will be on par.
And each may do what he pleases—
In spite of the powers that are. E. Manley

Prof. Rupert:—"You may take the rest of the problem on this page. That will finish you."

Voice:—"You bet it will!"

Pieces From the Papers

Cinch.

He is a small-town
Hick I'll bet;
He talks about the
"Carbaret."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Another bet
That's pretty safe:
He's always sure to
Call it "kafe".—Columbus State.

Although his ways
I'll not disparage,
I smile to hear
Him call it "garage".—Detroit Free Press.

His heart is kind,
His soul is noble;
But still he calls it
"Automobile."—Judge.

He knows good English
An' to use it he'll try,
But he'll always say,
"Between you and I."

Hello, Mary!

Mary Christmas lives in Lebanon, Ohio.

Names Is Names.

Ima Knutt lives in Butte, Mont.

No She Won't.

Mrs. Naomi Wetzel has taken the agency of the Kenney Needle showers, one of the best arrangements for the bath tub ever invented. It requires no curtain and can be attached cheaply by anyone. She will call on you and demonstrate.—The Lancaster (O.) Eagle.

Hicks.

I think the worst of all the hicks
Is one whose name is Tinney;
He says he bought his wife a waist
Made out of crepe de chine.

—Luke McLuke, Cinn. Enquirer.

Huh!

Just because a fellow wears pumps to a dance, that's no reason he has to use his arm like a handle.—Punch Bowl.

Methinks the worst of all the hicks
Is one whose name is A. Runt;
He says he bought his wife a gown
Made out of cloth transparent.

Aw, Gwan!

Those four young chaps who enjoyed (?) themselves one evening last week making a nuisance of themselves, better be careful. An ice cream parlor is no rough house.—Port Jervis Gazette.

Bless His Heart!

A real nice man
Is Charlie Cheer
He always says:
"Let's have a beer!"—Luke McLuke.

Attention Faculty!

FOR SALE—Five acres of grass. Inquire George Watkins, South Side.—Ad. Oneonta Daily Star.

B'rrr! What's In a Name?

Charles Evans Hughes may be an icicle,—but what we started out to say was that Edna Blizzard lives in Oneonta, N. Y.

A Word to the Wise.

Avoid being hit with a ball or any other hard substance.—The Optical Journal.

Things to Worry About.

Your "goil's" Christmas present.

Hard Hit.

Mr. Corger did not escape entirely. He was hit on the contrary.—The Colorado Springs (Col.) Citizen.

Ouch!

A joke is like a neat ankle. It has to be seen to be appreciated.—Yale Record.

"THE PASSING OF THE THIRD FLOOR BACK."

Athenaean Members Star in Production of Well Known Play—Performance First of Series to be Given by Literary Societies.

"The Passing of the Third Floor Back" was presented Tuesday evening, November 28th, in Alumni Hall by the members of the Athenaean Literary Society. This was the first of a series of plays to be produced during the school year by the various literary societies and judging from the enthusiasm which greeted the Athenaean performance the other productions promise to be equally as successful.

Depicted in "The Passing of the Third Floor Back" is the complete regeneration of the landlady and her boarders by means of a lodger. This "Stranger" (suggestive of the Christ) changes for the better, characters of frivolous, spiteful, deceitful or dishonest persons.

The acting was unusually clever and the production was presented in a very creditable way. The work of Gertrude Regan and Donald Rockwell was especially good while the other people in the play are deserving of special mention.

The cast of characters follows:—

Major Thompkins.....Clarence Robbins
Wright.....Carl Roos
Larcom.....Gordon Bailey
Christopher.....Harold Strait
Samuels.....Harry McInroy
Mrs. Thompkins.....Anna Austin
Mrs. Sharp.....Eleanor Ward
Miss Kite.....Ruth Smith
Mrs. DeHooley.....Gertrude Stevens
Stasia.....Gertrude Regan
Vivian.....Eleanor Quinn
The Passer By.....Donald Rockwell

Putting One Over On the Stew-dent.

A certain college stew-dent was feeling very kiddish as he strolled blithely into the campus hash-house. Therefore, he fain wouldst kid the beautiful biscuit balancer, who was tender in years, but wise to these college chaps.

"What is your name, little one?" chirped the stew-dent, as he wiped the tools with his napkin.

"My name is Lou, sir—hash or liver?" saith the maiden in her brassy voice.

"Well, I guess I'll have a little Waterloo", the stew-dent gurgled with a tender snicker.

(He had studied his history the night before.)

"Yes, sir, this way to the Wellington," replied our heroine—and he took the count.—Punch Bowl.

Very Willing.

She—And you love me more than life?

He—I'd willingly die for you.

She—How sweet of you! How much insurance do you carry?—Tiger.

The Study Hour.

Between the dark and the daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a change in the day's occupations—
That is known as "The Study Hour."

But I hear in the room just above me
The patter of somebody's feet.
Thru the crack of a door that is opened,
Comes a smell, most suspiciously sweet.

From my transom, I see 'neath the hall light
About to ascend the back stairs
A teacher, a look 'neath her eyebrows
That nobody cares to see there.

A whisper, and then dead silence,
But I know by the look in her eyes
She is waiting the very best moment
To take those poor kids by surprise.

A sudden ascent of the stairway,
A rapid descent of the hall—
Their keyholes were left unguarded,
She enters their castle-walls.

"Do you think, oh impervious youngsters
Because you've cooked fudge here before—
That such an old teacher as I am
Is unable to smell any more?

"I have you fast in your clothes press,
And before I will let you depart—
I will take all the fudge I can find here
Believe me, you'll not have a part.

"So stay 'neath your bed and your bureaus
And listen in salt tears and sorrow,
You'll ne'er get a taste from this fudge pan
For 'twill treat all the teachers tomorrow."

E. Manley.

MODEL SCHOOL MISHAPS.

"Microbes eat apples."

"Cave dwellers are men left without a home. They go to a cliff and make them a house in the rocks."

"Ancient cave dwellers got sick in the first or second story."

"Clean-up days are when people like little boys go round and clean-up garbage."

"Germs live in a rubbish pile and when they are large enuf they fly away."

"James Whitcomb Riley rote the 'Hired Girl' ".

A Tragedy.

Scene—A classroom.

Characters—One History Professor, First Student; other Students.

Professor—Who contributed to the fall of Florence?

First Student (blushing horribly)—Ah!—(Curtain)—Punch Bowl.

Simple Home-Made Gifts.

Take a plank 7 3-4 feet by 12 1-2 inches by 1 (any one) and cut 1 1-4 feet off of each end. This will make it exactly the desired length. Cover it with muslin trimmed with red or green roses, padded well with felt or cotton. This will make a beautiful window seat. It is just the thing for that newly married couple. Directions should accompany the gift, however. If the seat is too small for the alcove shorten the alcove. If there is no alcove it will make a very nice ironing board or may even be used as a fly swatter.

Father's old fur coat need not be thrown away when it is worn out. What is it good for? Cut it up into rectangular lengths, stop up the moth holes with putty, and you have very desirable doormats.

Procure two pounds of Irish cork. Add to this 2 ounces of senna, 1 quart of bay leaves, and a half-head of cabbage. Chop this mixture up into fine bits with the aid of Father's razor. Place in any porcelain dish and bake in the oven for two hours. Remove, put in a three-pound humidor, and label "Fine Havana." Decorate with holly or parsely and present to dear old dad on December 25. He will probably be overcome with emotion at sight of the gift.

For the boy who plays football nothing is handier than court plaster. A very effective substitute for that is flypaper. Procure several reams of the sticky variety and chisel it into strips 1-4 inch wide. Wrap these lengths consecutively upon a spool and the gift is made. When any of the plaster is desired it is only necessary to unroll the required length and to cut or bite it off.

Nothing pleases sister so much as a work bag. A charming creation can very easily be made out of two yards of creme-de-cheesecloth. Cut this on the bias, crossing in the center, and three inches from either end (It doesn't matter which). Sew into the desired shape using a hem stitch and a drop stitch alternately. Get the cook to scallop the edges and then insert a short length of clothesline. Dip two or three times in a cold starch solution and iron while still hot. Present to sister early Christmas morning. It will be a great surprise.—Ex.

Christmas will soon be here. I hope that everyone who has not already done so will join at once the Society for the Prevention of Useless Giving, commonly known as the Spugs, and, in addition to this, do his Christmas shopping early. A gift without a thought behind it is more or less of a bribe. And only those who have worked behind the counter during an old-time holiday rush can realize what a boon to the long-suffering clerk early Christmas shopping really is.

—And Then He Blushed.

Sekol (in writing class)—"Am I going too fast or not fast enough?"

Young Lady (in front seat, very sweetly)—"You're just right."

Some Name.

Teacher to Cuban—"What is your name?"

Cuban—"Rolando."

Teacher—"What is your full name?"

Cuban—"Rolando Nunyez de Villavicencio."

Teacher—"Your name again but leave off the address."

Undoubtedly.

The following speech was made by an Irish barrister in behalf of his client whose cow had been killed by a train:

"If the train had been run as it should have been ran, or if the bell had been rung as it should have been rang, or if the whistle had been blown as it should have been blew, both of which they did neither, the cow would not have been injured when she was killed."—Widow.

Advanced Math.

When one calls on a young lady, the events on that evening are divided into three parts: The things one wants to do, the things she doesn't want to do, and the things she don't mind—ahem—one doing!—Ex.

Pearls and Oysters.

Schott—"Since pearls are formed by little worms getting inside the oysters, I should think a fellow could get lots of pearls by feeding the oysters worms."

Joyce—"At that rate, if one should feed them lightning bugs he'd get diamonds."

Yep! That's Right.

You would not kick
On what we use,
If you could see
What we refuse.—Ex.

A little girl,
A little brook,
A little boy,
A little nook,
A little sigh
Is not amiss,
So my story
Ends like this—
SMACK!
—Punch Bowl.

When Papa Butted In.

"What, kissing my daughter?"

Well, sir, she can't talk, she can't sing, and she can't play the piano. One must do something to pass away the time."—Puck.

"What I Want For Christmas."

Prof. Strait—"A few pokes of 'Peachy' ".

Mrs. Kopperman—"A cow bell" (for dining-room use).

Prof. Cass—"Some one to laugh at my jokes."

Prof. Ward—"A shave."

Prof. Van Norman—"A book of Grimm's Fairy Tales."

Coach Kichline—"Singing engagements for Monahan's quartette."

Mrs. Avery—"A book on phonics"—woof-onk-meaw (No we didn't write that last part. That's a typographical error.)

Miss Jones—"A house to decorate."

Miss Wilcox—"More couples to visit the library."

Mr. Sekol—"Fertilizer for my mustache."

Dr. Butler—"Another mustache."

Dr. Straughn—"A dozen packs of 'Camels' ".

A Bright Boy!

Prof. Rupert—"McCarty, how many sides has a side?"

McCarty—"Two."

Prof. Rupert—"Name them."

McCarty—"Inside and outside."

What's The Answer?

He—And what do you want for your birthday?

She—Really, I don't want anything. But I know you'll buy me something terribly nice and expensive and new, you're such a dear reckless boy.—Tiger.

Tuff!

Chaplain—Look at all the saloons we're passing. Isn't it a shame?

College Brother—It sure is.—Record.

"How much is thim plums?"

"Ten cents a peck."

"Shure, phwat de yez think I am, a burrd?"—Lampoon.

Know This Guy?

Nitts—That guy would certainly make a good soldier.

Ignitts—Howssat?

Nitts—O, you can treat him, but he won't retreat.—Awgwan.

~~Querer—So you have broken your engagement?~~

Victim—Yes! How I hate that woman—the vampire—the trifler—the pricker of my pride. How I hate her.

Querer—And why do you hate her?

Victim—Cause when she sent back the "ring" she labeled the box, "handle with care—GLASS!"—Ex.

Napoleon, the Second.

We have a second Napoleon if reports are true. Howard Deily's impromptu speech while guest of a rival literary society is here given in full. "Well, I do think your society is improving!"

Few men can handle a red hot lamp and at the same time say, "There's no place like home", without getting—confused.

We All Do—"Got any eight o'clocks this term?"

"No. but I find I really miss them."

"Huh, so do I."—Widow.

"What do you charge for your rooms?"

"Five dollars up."

"But I'm a student—"

"Then it's five dollars down."—Cornell Widow.

Writing Notes.

Clifford—"This man St. Clair ought to be in a bank."

Norman—"How's that, Cliff".

Clifford—"He has a lot of experience writing notes."

Not So Reckless.

"As I understand it, you lecture on the subject of 'Peace at any Price'?"

"No, my rates are $200 per lecture."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Sad Story.

Beatrice (after dinner at the Adelphia)—Oh! I feel like crying.

James—Well, there is a ball-room here.—Ex.

Regular Artist.

Fair Damsel (to Arch)—Charlie, I wish you would draw me on the sofa.

Arch—That's what I've been trying to do for the last half-hour.—Ex.

Personal Magnetism.

Feminist—Just think, if the girls were taken away from this college, what would follow?

Chorus of Roughs—We would.—Chaparral.

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All the latest designs in
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All sizes, all prices.
The season will soon be on.
Come in and let us fit you out.

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Why Not

Take mother or father some little gift when you go home—you know how happy it made you when they would bring you something. They are only "grown up" kids and will enjoy it as much as you did when you were little kids.

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¶ Are you beautifying your rooms with calendars? The

ADVERTISER OFFICE

has a large number of pretty calendars free from any printing, some hand-painted and some hand-colored, that are being sold at very low prices.

¶ If you could use one in your room, call and see our line. They're beauties.

MANSFIELD ADVERTISER

Scrubs Beat Arnot.

In a contest that resembled a Keystone comedy rather than a football game, the scrubs met the Arnot High School eleven on the Smythe Park gridiron, Saturday afternoon, October 28th, and trimmed them by the score of 74-0. Sayre, playing half-back, for the scrubs, was the star performer of the day.

At Newport.

He—What do you do down here?
She—I ah—er—I make beds.
He (kindly)—Oh, you're in the furniture business.
She (relieved)—Umhum!—Ex.

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Magazines Newspapers

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¶ If things are not going right in school or your business, you need help. We are too busy to work out your Geometry problems and translate Latin but, we can help you out of your financial troubles if you have been saving and depositing in our Savings Department.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

MANSFIELD :: PENN'A

Appropriate.

"What is the name of your dog?"

"Macbeth."

"That's a curious name for a dog."

"He howls a great deal at night. Got the idea from quotation, 'Macbeth doth murder sleep.'"

Fussers' Club.

Headquarters, South Hall.

Motto:—"On to North Hall", "North Hall or Bust."

Colors: Pea Green and Rouge.

"Aw Gwan!"

Kay—How did you feel when you peroxided your hair?

Bee—Light-headed.—Ex.

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WE WISH YOU ALL A.....

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HAPPY NEW YEAR
and PLEASANT VACATION

GEORGE L. PALMER, Jeweler and Graduate Optician

Of Course They Do.

What is the first thing the bold and daring seaman go by when they enter harbor?

Naturally, they go buy a "Spotlight."

HARSH WOIDS.

Wife—Why is your voice so sharp?

Husband—Because I've been trying for twenty-five years to get a word in edgewise.—Mo. Outlook.

¶ The very latest and up-to-date Novelties at the—

EMPIRE MILLINERY STORE

Tuff!

Mrs. Hinnessy—I hear Sadie Hooley has a chaperone.

Mrs. Casey—Oh, the poor darlint. 'Twas only last week she had a boil on her neck.—Michigan Gargoyle.

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